OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

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Men we have Known IN Church and State.

By Wm Laurie Hill.

Rev Elias Dodson An Itinerant Baptist Preacher Of The Old Scnool.

In these days when even in the Country' fine churches are being built, and the old Country Meeting, house is almost a thing of the past it is well to hark to old times, when the protracted meeting especially the August Meeting was a time of great opportunity in the way of hearing the gospel and often to many people their annual means of Grace. The old Country Meeting house, how hallowed memories that cling around those old smoked rafters, even around the old horse blocks, about which we have seen gathered a goodly part of the congregation before it was time to sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

While those foregatherings before service were not always a Means of Grace, they brought the neighborhood together, and while it may be, that many a "hoss trade" had its beginning just around those horse blocks, there was much good fellowship cultivated there and those gathering s had tneir good side. In calling up the village and Country Meeting house of the olden time, we must not forget one character that seems lost to the church in these modern days, who filled a place that without him, would have been an utter blank. That character was the Intinerant Preacher, who moved about from place to place, preaching in his plain way, the old fashioned gospel, and circulating among the people a religigious paper, and good books.

Such a man we knew well, and his memory has a tender spot in my heart, and his sweet, blameless life comes as one of the dear recollections of boyhood days. Brother Elias Dodson was quite aged when we first knew him, he lived and died a batchelor, although (really a worshiper of womanhood,) and would doubtless have made a most loving an exemplary husband.

He was a minister of the Baptist Church, and while he had no regular charge, he did much preaching in the border Counties of Virginia and North Carolina. Pittsylvania and Halifax Counties in Va. and Stokes, Rockinham Caswell and Person Counties N. C.. were his chosen field, and he laboriously saddlebaged through those Counties, on both sides of Dan River for many years. He was the accredited agent of "The Biblical Recorder," and was instrumental in sending them many a subscriber.

He was also a Correspondent of this paper and evidently thought that brevity was the soul of many other things besides wit. We give from memory a sample or two of his communications, and they never found the waste-basket, and are quite in contrast to many long-winded correspondents of a later generation.

"My friend, do you love and fear God? He is your best friend, Seek him now." (Signed) E. Dodson.

"Things dont just happen God is behind all things, and whatever happens is what God would have happen." (Signed) E, Dodson.

"Pure Love is the greatest emotion that stirs the human heart, love toiChrist is the fulfilling of the law." (Signed) E. Dodson.

Brother Dodson had a vein of quaint humor about him and enjoyed a joke even at his own expense.

On one occasion he was being entertained at the home of a good Baptist brother who had a very merry attractive daughter. They were in the parlor awaiting dinner, when she said to him" Brother Dodson, Some good woman has lost a good hnsband in you, why have you never married?." "Why my dear child, it is because I have never found any one, who wanted to be Mrs. Dodson: how would you like to be Mrs. Dodson?"

"Oh Brother Dodson: what would people say at such an outcome as that?"

"They might say many things, but we wont give them the chance, dont say anything about it, but just take the Biblical Recorder. So Brother Dodson did not get a wife, but won a Subscriber.

Brother Dodsen was a man of great faith and believed in earnest prayer, and answers to prayer.

The story is told of his riding into a village one evening, and as he approached, he saw a dwelling house in flames, and a high wind was blowing.

In a moment Brothor Dodson had dismounted and leaving his old horse standing. he was down on his knees, earnestly praying "Oh Lord, change the wind? Oh Lord change the wind?" He who holds the winds in his fists, did change the wind, and only that one house was burned in the village.

Brother Dodsen was a man of sterling honesty in all things. As illustrative of this he spent a night with a gentleman on one occasion who had in his family an orphan boy, who had (as his only property) a little negro boy about his own age.

The negro boy rode Brother Dodson's horse down a hill to a branch to water him, and the horse (that was considered gentle), pitched the little fellow over his head and broke his neck.

There was great distress in the family and Brother Dodson very quickly determined what he would do.

"You say that this little negro was all that this boy has in the way of property?" "yes Brother Dodson that is true."

"Very well: I will pay the value of this little negro to the boy." and nothing would turn the dear old man from his purpose.

There was no home of whatever denomination in all the country-side where Brother Dodson was not a welcome guest; he has been many a time in my Fathers home, and I gladly make this pen and ink sketch of one of the sweetest and best men I ever knew.

A MARRIAGE OF INTEREST.

Miss Lucy Pullen, one of the Favorite Daughters of Barium, to Wed Soon.

The children of the Home have all been invited to attend the wedding of Miss Lucy Pullen, one of our old girls, which will be solemnized on the evening of February 24th, when Miss Pullen and Mr. Charles Gideon Garrett will be united in the holy bonds of matrimony. This is the invitation sent to the children of the Home:

The Reverend Ovid Pullen
requests the honor of your presence
at the marriage of his sister
Lucy,
to
Mr. Charles Gideon Garrett,
on the evening of Tuesday,
the twenty-fourth day of February,
at half after seven o'clock,
Presbyterian Church,
Fountain Inn, South Carolina.

Miss Fullen is one of the favorite daughters of our Home, having graduated in the class of 1906. While here she was one of the most popular girls in the Home, and a leading spirit in musical circles, and since leaving this place she has graduated in music at one of the leading colleges of this State, and is gifted with many talents for this art. Our Fatherless Ones congratutes Mr. Garrett upon winning such a lovely and accomplished young woman for his companion in life. In behalf of the children we wish this popular couple a long and happy life, and hope they will come to Barium Springs to spend their honey-moon.

We are indebted to Miss Bertrude Spangler of Indiana. For a beautifully illustrated set of nine volumes being a series on the Bible especially adapted to our young people. We appreciate this gift very much. The books are evidently a valuable addtion to Biblical Literature and the illustrations are very beautiful indeed. We thank Miss Spangler for so generously remembering us.

Mr. B. D. McNeill, of Fayetteville, who is teaching school in Statesville, was a visitor in the Home recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Lowrance are living at Round Knob now, and have charge of the boys who work at the dairy.

Miss Leona Miller, matron at Annie Lousie Cottage, returned to her work Tuesday after enjoying a few days rest at her home in Mooresville.

It is reported from Long's Sanatorium, Statesville, that Mrs. Avery who has been critically ill for some time, is slowly improving.

Rev. W. M. Walsh was unable to be here for prayer meeting Tuesday night. Mr. Walker conducted the service in the dining room after supper.

C. I. Wilson of the Mt. Ulla neighborhood, has accepted the positlon of assistant farmer and entered upon his duties last Friday.

Grace and Ethel Griffith have enjoyed a visit from their mother, Mrs. Griffith, of Charlotte, who spent several days with her daughters.

Miss Dixon, teacher of the seventh and eighth grades, was sick Monday, and Miss Crane, teacher of the sixth grade, substituted for her.

Messrs. McLean and Smith, of Davidson College, were visitors here Monday. They inspected the different departments and were very much impressed with the work being done here.

Miss Janie McEachin, lady manager in the Home, has returned from a few week's vacation at her home in Laurinburg. She arrived Friday night and is looking very much refreshed after a rest.

The annual conference of orphanage workers will be held at the Oxford Orphanage on the 14th, and 16th. of April. This orphanage will be well represented as the place of meeting if nearer home than usual.

Mrs. Sharpe, widow of the late A. L. Sharpe, our ever faithful mechanic for many years, has given up the work as matron at Round Knob and will soon engage in other work in the Home.

Miss Thomas, who at one time was matron of Synod's Cottage, visited in the Home last week, accompanied by several of her friends of Statesville. We are always glad to have the friends of the Home visit us.

Miss Sueanna Carriker, one of our old girls, paid us a short but welcome visit this week. She is a trained nurse, having graduated at Highland Hospitl ina Asheville, and taken a course in Philadelphia.

The money pledged for our Equipment Fund is coming in every day as the pledges fall due. This is very encouraging to those who are laboring earnestly for the betterment of the Institution.

We have received the catalogue of T. W. Wood and Sons of Richmond, Va. dealers in select garden and field seeds, and turned it over to our farmers who do considerable business with this firm.

The first thing our children should do in leaving the Home should be to subscribe to Our Fatherless Ones and keep in touch with their old Home. We should have the names of all of our old children on our subscription list.

It will be of interest to the readers of this paper to know that our former faithful and beloved superintendent, Rev. R. W. Boyd, is making his home at Stuarts Draft, Va., and, when last heard from, continues to be in excellent health. Mrs. Boyd has not been strong for the past few years.

Now that our doar old friend, Elder Moore of Greensboro, has gone to his Heavenly Home, who will take his place in Greensboro and look after that club of 25 names that he was remitting for. We know some good soul aspires to this honored place.

One remarkable incident that may be seen at Little Joe's Church every Sunday, and is not seen anywhere else in the State, is that every person in the church stands to engage in prayer, This is one case of genuine Presbyterianism that is worthy of emulation.

Rev. Ovid Pullen, one of our old boys that we are proud of, has a pastoral charge in this county near Stony Point. Nothing gives us more pleasure than to chronicle the successes of the boys and girls who have gone out from this place.

It looks like the epidemic of mumps is going all the way around in our big family before it can be conquered. It is doing its work so quietly that it is hardly noticed. Our children are nearly all robust and healthy and this disease doesn't amount to much.

Charlotte heads the list with the largest number of subscribers to our paper. At one time Greensboro was far ahead of any other city, but since Editor Hill has made Charlotte his front door on his travels in and out of Barium, Charlotte has forged to the front. Wilmington comes second, and Greensboro third in the list.

Believing that the primary reason the friends of the home take Our Fatherless Ones is to learn about the Home, we have changed the make up of this paper and are placing the Home Happenings on the first page. Nearly all the subscribers we have noticed receive this paper turn to the Home Happenings first, so we have placed them in a more accessible position.

In nearly every Sunday School in our church there are those who would be only too glad to take the lead in some worthy cause if the opportunity would only present itself. To all such, allow us to suggest a work for them to do. We want a live representative in every Sunday School in the State to organize clubs of subscribers for our paper, and start the children to reading this paper, and get them thoroughly interested in the Home. The club rate for ten or more subscribers is only sixty cents each.

The young girls of the Home have organized what is known as the Busy Bee Missionary Society. They are trying to do their part to send the gospel to the heathen who live in religious darkness. To do this they have had some beautiful post cards printed of the buildings and scenes in the Home, and are offering these for sale to secure money to aid this cause. You want to help these little girls in this noble work, do you not? Then, too, you will be pleased when you receive these beautiful post cards of the Home that you aided in establishing. Send fifteen cents, in coin or stamps, to the Busy Bees and they will send you a dozen of these cards, all different views.

Don't Do It.

Every now aud then some friend of the Home decides that he can do a great favour to one of the children here by offering him (or her) a position at a reasonable salary. He believes that by giving the boy a good position he is giving him a start in life, and at the same time helping the Home by making room for another needy child. Here is where our friend is all wrong. He is doing the boy an immeasurable wrong by not letting him stay here and take advantage of all we have to offer in education and industrial training, which would make positions hunt the boy instead of the boy hunting the positions. He is giving the Home a bad deal by causing the boy to leave the Home at the time when he is useful and can, in a measure, pay back some of the benefits he has received. Then, too, the policy of the Home is to make good, useful citizens of the children we have, before receiving others. If we do nothing more than provide board and clothing for our children until they can care for themselves the high purpose for which the Home was established is a failure. What we are trying to do is to turn out polished and finished boys and girls, with noble careers before them that we can point to with pride in after years, and say that that is the kind of men and women this Home turns out. We have a number already of which we are proud. We want more. Friends, please remember not to do anything that will cause any of our children to be discontented with their lot.

God and Mammà.

It is a good thing for us all to remember that our most trifling act is worth carefully looking after, and that our Farher, who cares for all his children, knows and considers the littlest things in our daily lives. The youthful wisdom of little Winnie, in the following childish dialogue, was not far wrong:

"Now, do you suppose," said Johnny, as his little cousin laid away her largest, rosiest apple for the sick girl, "that God cares about all such little things we children do? I guess he is too busy taking care of the big folks to notice us much.' Winnie shook her head and pointed to mamma, who had just lifted baby from his crib. "Do you think mamma is so busy with the big folks—helping the girls off to school and papa to his office—that she forgets the little ones? She just thinks of baby first, 'cause he's the littlest and needs it most. And don'- you think God knows how to love as well as mamma does?"

Susie's Reply.

Two little girls were walking to Sunday-school when the minister met them, and stopping to speak with them, he asked of the older girl:

"Well, Jennie, what are you going to school for to-day?,'

"To wear my new hat and Sunday dress," was the reply, as Jennie smoothed her pretty dress.

"And is that what you are going to Sunday-school for, Susie?" he then asked of the younger child.

"No, sir. I'm going to say my Golden Text and learn about God," was the reply.

Was not Susie's reply a beautiful one! When you go to Sunday-school, you should all try not to think whether you have on a new or an old dress. God looks farther than the dress—he looks down into your hearts and if he sees they are clean and pure, he does not care whether your dresses are made of silk or cotton. And besides, if you are busy thinking about your clothes, how can you listen to what your teacher is saying?

When you are in Sunday-school, remember that you are there to learn about God, and you must try to put away all other thoughts so that you may be free to hear what the teacher tells you.

How the Children ARE Trained in the Home

By One of the Boys.

As a rule the readers of Our Fatherless Ones are very unfamiliar with the home life and the way in which the children are trained while here. This fact is very noticable, when one goes out from this place among friends of the Home by the volume of questions asked in regard to the daily routine, work and training received in the Home. This article will take up the everyday life and general training in the Home.

At four o'clock in the mornings, while practically every reader of this paper is enjoying peaceful rest in slumberland, the girls who get breakfast arise and go to the kitchen. There are only four girls in this group of an average age of about fifteen years. They go to the kitchen alone and build their own fires, and no men-folk are about to scare away burglars, but we have never been troubled with burglars at Barium Springs. Probably the worst man living would refuse to steal from orphans. Think of it, these four young girls go to the kitchen at four o'clock and by six o'clock they have prepared breakfast for two hundred people. This is wonderful training, isn't it? The girls who have to be called two times for breakfast at eight o'clock these cold mornings will be ashamed to admit it when they read what these girls are doing regularly.

The boys at Round Knob who do the feeding and milking of the cows also get up in the mornings at four o'clock. There are about eight of these boys who feed and milk thirty-two cows. That means that each boy must milk four cows each and put away the milk before breakfast. These boys are an average age of twelve years. Yes, they do a man's work if they are small boys. This is one of the ways we make men out of the boys intrusted to our care for educational and industrial training. No, early rising and plenty of work will not retard a boys developing for future usefulness. Did we hear some good mother say that she has trouble getting her dear boy off to school in the mornings at nine o'clock because he will not get up in time. Point him to these little fellows who brave all kind of cold, rainy weather and go to the barn at four o'clock to do their work, and he will do better.

The rising bell rings at five-thirty o'clock in the mornings for every one to get up, faculty, older children and five-year old "tots." The breakfast bell rings at six o'clock and the morning prayer service follows breakfast at six-thirty. Those of the children who are late at breakfast get three demerits, and if they do not get to the dining room for the prayer service, they get two more which makes five demerits. Ten demerits takes of a day of their vacation in the summer. So those of our children who take extra naps in the mornings pay a pretty dear price for it besides going without any breakfast. To many this may seem to be too severe punishment, but those who are responsible for the training of these children would not do their duty unless they insisted on punctuality at meals and religious exercises. If the children were allowed to lag in performing their duties they would go out from here with a handicap that would ward off success in any kind of business in which they engage. When the boys and girls go out from here and reach the age of manhood and womanhood and see the where foreness of thing, they always have a word of thanks and appreciation to the management here for the excellent training they received in regularity and promptness in perforning all duties.

The morning prayer service is held in the dining room, where

Continued on fourth page.

Our Fatherless Ones

WM. LAURIE HILL, Editor.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12TH, 1914

THE AUTOMOBILE AS A SABBATH BREAKER

We do not undervalue the automobile, and believe it to be a great modern convenience, when used as all things good in themselves, were intended to be used, It is a great time saver, promotes business in many ways, and is destined to play an important part in the development of our civilization.

And while all this is so, the automobile is a great temptation to Sabbath breaking, and a great many so called religious people, who would not ride on a Sunday train for anything but a case of life and death, do not hesitate to go out for a Sunday afternoon ride in an automobile, and take the whole family.

Of course there are times when it is consistant to use an automobile on Sunday, but when men or women leave church and Sunday school to take care of themselves on Sunday, and go in for a pleasure ride, then the automobile is a Sabbath breaker, and those who use them for pure pleasure, are profaning the day God claims for his own.

Anyone who lives on our highway between Statesville and Charlotte, rarely gets out of the sound of an auto, even on Sunday, and we can but see that a machine that is promotive of much good, is also tempting many good people to do evil.

We should "use these things as not abusing them, remembering that the fashion of this world passeth away."

TRAINING FOR CITIZENSHIP

The thriving city of Winston-Salem has undertaken something new and practical in their Educational system, and that is training boys in the duties and privileges that are inseparable from good citizenship.

They have in their High schools, a regular course in Government and Economics, which embraces city, county, State and Federal Government.

During the term ending with the Christmas Holidays, mock elections are held and the Senior class is organized as City council, State general Assembly, and as the Congress of the United States.

This is something unique, and we believe that such training must eventuate in a very high order of Citizenship.

A NEW BANK FOR STATESVILLE.

We learn from "The Landmark" that a New Bank is likely to be established in Statesville for the especial accomodation of the agricultural community. This bank is to be backed with Statesville and Iredell Capital, and a poor farmer who has plenty of land, but little or no money, will stand some show to get hold of money enough to help him work his land. Heretofore a farmer's land has generally amounted to dead capital, unless he paid an exhorbitent interest and pledged all the land for the use of a little money. We would like to see the farmer have a chance to get capital on as good terms as other folks.

IS THERE ANY THING NEW UNDER THE SUN?

We are told that there is not, "what has been will be," and, while we discover and apply things in the twentieth century, the forces, the principals, were there all the time, only we had not discovered them.

Had any one told us only a few years ago that a French Bird man would would fly from Paris to Jerusalem, and land by the pool of Siloam, we would have proposed a commission of lunacy for that person. And yet, General Xavier Bonnier has made the flight, and astonished those wise old orientals by stepping out of an airship right in their midst.

Had General Washington have been told that his wife's great grand children, would be talking to each other a thousand miles apart his wise head would have been slow to believe it.

And yet it is being done to day.

God has placed the books of Nature, and of Science before us They are not sealed books, but can be studied, and therein He has written great secrets, that man is daily finding out. One discovery leads to another, electricity was first harnessed as a means of communication by telegraphy, then as a wonderful motive power, then as our greatest iluminator,

We are yet in the infancy of discovery, and know not what new ways of using electricity await the genius of man.

We know not what new forces are awaiting man's discovery.

AVOID A WRONG START.

When a young man leaves his country home and seeks his fortune in some strange city, he has come indeed to a parting of the ways. All life for him changes, and leaving the quiet country life with its peaceful and attractive home life, he rushes into the hurly burly, of a new business world; and has to adjust himself to entirely new conditions. Just at the beginning point it is imperative, that such a young man makes the right start.

In the country it was the right thing to go to church, every body went, and you missed half of your social life if you failed to go; and at the same time lost cast with your neighbors,

In the city the young man forms new associations and finds that many of his new friends do not go to church, but spend Sunday in sleep, idleness, or pleasure. What shall he do?

"If he remembers the Sabbath and seeks the house of God, he is making the right start. If he quenches hallowed home memories and seeks only the friendship of the worldling, he has made a wrong start, that leads to a failure.

Business men watch keenly the young men that seek employment with them, and are quick to see the character of his associates. They do not expect you to be any better than the gang you go with, and will certainly measure you by your associates.

When going to a city our advice is, seek the companionship of those whom you know to be upright and down right.

Go regularly to some church, and Sunday school, and always be found in the path of duty.

Such a start as this will not lead you wrong, but places you in the way that leads to higher and better things.

One remarkable incident that may be seen at Little Joe's Church every Sunday, and is not seen anywhere else in the State, is that every person in the church stands to engage in prayer, This is one case of genuine Presbyterianism that is worthy of emulation.

HUMOROUS

The Latest Revised Marriage Service.

(From the Milwaukee Leader)

Wilt thou take this brown-stone front,
These carriages this diamond,
To be the husband of thy choice,
Fast locked in band of Hymen?
And wilt thou leave thy home and friends
To be his loving wife,
And help to spend his income,
So long as thou has life?
"I will," the modest maid replies,
The love light beaming from her eyes.
And will thou take this waterfall,
This ostentatious pride,
With all these unpaid milliners' bills.
To be my chosen bride?
And wilt thou love and cherish her,
Whilst thou hast life and health;
And die as soon as possible
And leave her all thy wealth?
"I will," the fearless mate replies,
And eager waits the nuptial ties.
Then I pronounce you man and wife.
And what I've joined forever,
The next best lawyer may disunite,
And the first divorce court sever.

Mieplaced Applause.

Brown (expert shorthand reporter)—"I say, James, the boy from the newspaper office has called for the report of that lecture. Is it finished?"

James (a novice)—"All but a short sentence in the middle of it, and I can't for the life of me make out from my notes what it is."

Brown—"Oh! just put in "Great applause', and let it go."

James acts on the suggestion, and the lecture is sent for publication with the doctored part reading, "Friends, I will detain you but a few moments longer! (Great appulse)."—American.

Pride

"I understand that there are two rival social sets in this town."

"Yes. One set is composed of people who have undergone operations for appendicitis and the others have had the children's adenoids removed."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A white man during reconstruction times was arraigned before a colored justice of the peace for killing a man and stealing his mule. It was in Arkansas, near the Texas border, and there was some rivalry between the states, but the colored justice tried always to preserve an impartial frame of mind.

"We got two kinds of law in dis yer co't," he said: "Texas law an' Arkansas law. Which will you hab?"

The prisioner thought a minute and then guessed that he would like the Arkansas law.

"Den I discharge you fo' stealin' de mule, an' hang you fo' killin' de man."

"Hold on a minute, judge," said the prisoner; "better make that Texas law."

"All right. Den I fin, you fo' killin the man, an' hang you fo' stealin' de mule."

A boy was overheard saying to his pet rabbit: "How much is seven times seven?"

Of course there was no response from the rabbit.

"How much is four times four?" Still there was no response.

"Now I will give you an easy one: How much is two times two?" Still the rabbits refused to respond.

"Well," said the little boy, "I knew father was fibbing when he said rabbits are the greatest multipliers in the world."

Patient—Doctor, it hurts me to breathe. In fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath——

Physican—All right I'll give you something that will soon stop that.

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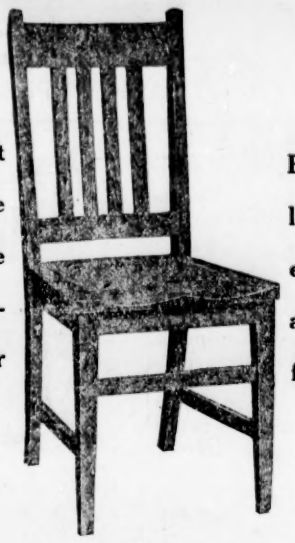

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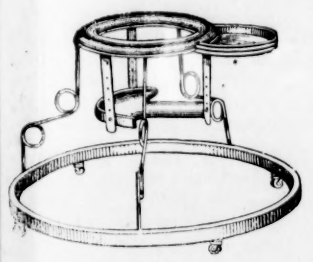

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☞ Notice of all shipments should be promptly sent to the Superintendent, and Express or Freight Bill of Lading inclosed.

Telegrams should be addressed to us at Statesville, N. C. 'Phone 912X.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12TH, 1914

FIELD NOTES

Charlotte, Feb. 5.—Charlotte is holding up her reputation as "a hive of industry" and believes in increasing the variety and number of her pay rolls. After all that's said and done, the best town in which to live and do business, is the town that supports but few loafers to the square inch, and where everybody seems to have something to do, and to be doing it. In a recent visit to Winston-Salem we were struck with the absence of the idler on the streets; there was no gathering at the street corners, everybody had a move on them, the fellow that spent many minutes in one place, was liable to be run over by the busy man, so you had to keep moving. Charlotte has this same spirit of hustle and is reaching out for any kind of a plant that will popularize the city and give it a boost.

She has been specializing on education lately, having the promise of Queens College, and the Horner School, and she did try to get Oak Ridge, but failed.

With three large schools here—Queens College, Elizabeth College and Horner's—Charlotte should be a very popular educational centre, and should draw many pupils from all over this State and adjoining States.

Hotel building is also another Charlotte fad. For a long time you could only stop at the Central or Buford. Then the Selwyn and Stonewall were built, and within the last year, two new hotels have been added to the list. The Mecklenburg is located opposite the Stonewall and is a very complete up-to-date hotel. The rooms are all outside rooms and have hot and cold water, and every convenience. The cafe is well served, and their rates are as reasonable as any other place to be found.

The Clayton, a new candidate for patronage, on Wednesday night, at their opening had over 1,500 visitors. One unique feature is, their rooms are not numbered but named, so you do not lodge in No. 75, but in Boston, Concord or Cleveland as the case may be.

The big fire sale at Belk Brothers has been a hustler, and thousands of the bargains have been distributed all over the surrounding country, and soon they will have everything spic and new, for the spring trade.

There are good bargains here yet, and any one who has large purchases to make in towels, sheets, pillow cases, and lots of other household things, would save money by a visit to Charlotte.

People who have ready money can always save in their purchases by taking advantage of such an opportunity as is occasioned by a big fire. "It's an ill wind that brings no one good luck." WM. LAURIE HILL.

WHEN ELLIS WAS LATE.

"I don't see why Ellis doesn't come."

It was the third time that Grandmother Gale had said it. Her son George, Ellis' uncle, looked up and laughed.

"Don't go to worrying about that boy, mother," he said. He's big enough to look out for himself."

"But he's always so prompt, George. And to-night he's fifteen minutes late."

"What's fifteen mintes?" asked George Gale, with another laugh. "Perhaps he's stopping to play with the other boys."

"No, Ellis wouldn't do that, George. I told him he'd have just time to go to Mrs. Hunter's and come right back. Something's keeping him."

Ellis' Uncle George thought differently. He could not see any reason for being anxious because a boy was fifteen minutes late in getting home to his supper, "You didn't worry that way about us when we were boys, mother," he said teasingly.

"There's a difference in boys," Grandmother Gale replied. "And Ellis is one of the trusty kind."

Half an hour went by, and she said to her son' "You can have your supper if you like, George. I'm going out to look for Ellis."

George Gale remonstrated. "Nonsense, mother. Probably he went to supper with some of the other boys." Then, as his mother would not be convinced, he go this hat and the two started out in search of Ellis.

It was rather a lonely road over which the small boy had gone to do his grandmothers errand, and now that it was dark, it seemed even more lonely. After a little George ceased to laugh at his mothers anxiety. Every now and then he stopped and shouted Ellis' name. and at last a faint little sound, like an echo, reached his ears. But it was not an echo, George Gale turned a pale face toward his mother.

"That comes from the bog," he said. "We hadn't thought to warn the boy, and he tried to take a short cut, and he's caught. Now don't come too near, mother. I will manage this."

George had guessed right. When Ellis started home, he had taken a short cut as he thought, across some marshy land. And all at once he found his feet were fast. The more he struggled the deeper he sank. At last he had stood quiet and called for help, and every minnte his body sank a little more deeply in the dangerous bog, till at last he heard the welcome sound of his uncle's shout.

George Gale took a rail from the fence, and going as near his nephew as he dared, he pushed the rail toward him, Ellis seized it with all his strength and his uncle pulled. The bog held fast, as if reluctant to let go its captive, but at last it was forced to yield. Some fifteen minutes later Ellis was walking home between his grandmother and his uncle, dripping with mud and trembling with weariness. In spite of the mud, his grandmother kept her arm about him all the way.

"Pretty close call," said his Uncle George. "He'd sunk to his shoulders. It's lucky you worried for once, mother."

"And the reason I worried," she answered, "was because Ellis is a boy I can depend on. If he'd been one of the other sort, I wouldn't have been anxious till it was too late."

We had a good attendance at church and Sunday School notwithstanding the cold snap. Mr. Walsh gave us a good sermon from James 4. 17. "Therefore to him that knowth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." Personal responsibility for the way we use our opportunities and means of grace, was strongly emphasized, and our lives as affecting the lives of others were held up to view.

How few there are who realize how much a life counts for in this world.

Idleness is costly without being a luxuary. It is hard work for those who are not used to it, and dull work for those that are. —Horace Smith.

FOLLOWING THE STAR.

By Margaret E. Sangster, Jr

The camels traveled wearily over the desert places, following the star, and the shepherds came in from the hills as they hurried in the wake of a heavenly light. For it led to a manger, and a Holy Child, And there in the dimness of the stable knelt and thanked God; wise men and fools, rich men and poor . . . . Christmas Day dawned over the land, and angel songs brooke the stillness of a pefect peace.

Sweetly, peacefull a star gleams in the sky of our life. Some call it Ambition, some call it Faith, some call it Peace, But some call it Love.

Shall I tell you the story of a star?

Long, long ago there lived a man in a strange and foreign cauntry. He was a queer man a silent man, an unhappy man who dwelt by himself in a little white house on the outskirts of a deep wood, Nobody loved him, for nobody knew him; but folk respected him, for they said that he had much money stored away in plump canvas sacks.

The man did have money money that he loved more than anything else, money that he could not dream of spending. Deep in the darkness of the canvas bags it lay away—worthless, unused.

There buried from the rest of the world the man forgot the length of days and weeks and months. And so it came about that he awoke one cold, winter night and wondered in his soul why a blinding radiance filled the room. Stealthily he crept to the window and peered out, and there, in the dark of the sky, he saw a star shinning. And as he looked he heard a voice say softly

"I am the Star of Light—follow me! Too long have you worshiped the gleam of your gold."

So the man arose, and gathering together his miser's wealth, he followed the gleaming sign. And the star led him out of the woods and into the town —the poor, unhappy, squalid little town.

All night long the man wandered through evil smelling, dingy streets, and always at the murmur of the gentle voice he left money from his store; to orphans and widows, and to friendless. discouraged men, and always as his golden gealth diminished the light of the star grew.

Finally the gold was all spent and the miser turned his steps toward the house of a man of God who dwelt near by. And when he stood before the benevolent old eyes he told his story.

"My gold is gone," he said, "the pride of my life! I have given it to the poor who have nothing. And I am happy—happy for the first time in many years."

The man of God started very slightly, ,but a radiant smile shone in his eyes.

"Why," he asked in his kind voice. "why did you do this thing?"

Eagerly the man pointed to the heavens.

"See," he cried, "the Star! It was the star that told me what to do—that guide me, that helped me over the path."

But this listetner was smiling softy, incredulously.

"Man," he said slowly, "the sky is dark! It was your soul that guide you."

And the one-time miser knew deep in his brain that the holy man was right. For the brightest star of life is in the soul.

So he went back to his house in the woods; and he opened his heart to the people; and he taught them—and loved them. And all his life the golden glory of happiness never lift him

Shall I tell of another star?

A girl was going Christmas shopping in one of the largest, most expensive stores in the city. She was going to buy a diamond pin for her sister (who had many diamond pins) and a set of books for her brother, and dozens of expensive trifles for her friends. But as she stepped from her car at the door she almost fell over a tiny ragged little boy who stood sobbing on the pavement.

"What is the matter?" asked the girl solicitously as she bent over the child. She was not acquainted with grief.

Mournfully the little boy gazed at her.

"Huh!" he muttered, "don't you know? It's nearly Christmas, an' there ain't no presents, an' no Santa Claus, an' no nothin,. Th' ain't even a tree!"

This gave the girl something soild to think about.

She thought for sevearl days—thought hard.

Sister never saw the diaamond pin on Christmas morning (she did not really miss it), and brother never knew that he would have a set of books. Many friends received one less present out of their over-abundance. But down in a narrow, crooked part of tee city there were Christmas dinners, and presents, and "Santy Clause," where there had never before been any joy or gladness. And many hearts blessed a young lady who had followed her star.

Christmas time is here, with bracing winter weather, and happiness and good feeling. Holly is made into wreaths, and the Yule log is blazing in the open fireplace. Pine trees, straight and green and proud, are brought in from the forest, decked with tinsel, and colored balls, and glittering angels. Mistletoe, a glory of white berries and green leaves, hangs temptingly in the corners. Christmas is here!

But while the crowds are dancing on joyous feet, and while the carols are ringing out on the frosty air, perhaps there is a baby dying—a baby with the eyes of the Christ Child.

The star is waiting to lead us as it waited for the wise men and the shepherds. It is entreating us to help. For some people call it the star of Love.

Whew! what a cold snap struck us last Saturday night The Mercury went down to freezing and every blanket and quilt was needed. We hope this is a providential indication of a good fruit year for had the spring, like weather of last week continued. Our trees would soon have bloomed and we should have had another failure. We can afford to shiver a little longer for the sake of a good fruit crop.

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ALL GIFTS OF GOD

Man Is But a Steward of His Possessions Lent to Him by the Lord.

A PHRASE we often use, "The music of the spheres," we owe to an ancient belief that the heavenly bodies, as they revolve about the earth, made a wonderful harmony delightful to the ears of God. Present-day knowledge of the stellar world has, according to some, banished this pretty fantasy, but it has revealed to us something more wonderful. We know that the whole physical universe is in constant and infinitely varied movement, and that this movement is rhythmic. The movements of stars and planets, of molecules and ions, of light and sound, are all according to the law of rhythm. This is true also of all life. There is constant rise and fall—the throb of the pulse, the breath of the lungs, the beat of the wing, the passage of every generation from youth to age. May not this infinitely intricate rhythm really constitute some wonderful rich harmony for the all-father?

Among the multitudinous rhythms in the midst of which human life is set is the rhythm of the seasons. The field is black in winter, green in spring, golden in summer and brown in autumn. The wonderful alterations of sowing and tending and reaping and plowing are repeated over and over again from generation to generation. Changes of civilization are continuous. Man's habits as he goes about his work vary indefinitely, but nature's rhythm is the same from age to age. The spade gives place to the horse plow and the horse plow to the steam plow; man is nomadic, agricultural, industrial; but the seasons swing on as before he came to his inheritance. For, indeed, this succession of the seasons underlies all human well-being and progress. If it should suddenly be changed, civilization in all its ramifications would be at once shattered. If the earth ceased in its present mode of movement and instead swung round the sun so that there should be eternal summer on one side of the planet and eternal winter on the other, mankind would swiftly wither and die. So complete are we dependent on God for all that we have and are.

All the Gifts of God.

All our well-being, then, is dependent upon the regular succession of the seasons, culminating in the harvest. What is the harvest? We usually think of it as corn and fruit, and other vegetables. But the harvest is much more than all these. The harvest is in all our warehouses and shops. Boots and overcoats, books and bicycles, theaters and hospitals, sweetmeats and battleships—all these are the harvest just as really as loaves and mutton chops. For they are things made for human use by means of the primitive elemental gifts of God in sea and soil and seasons.

Harvest is God's gift. But he does not determine how that gift is to be used—we do. He gives us the raw materials—we make the civilization. He gives us iron and electricity and cotton—we make battleships and explosives. He gives us the wherewithal, and we make pernicious books, sweating dens, and liquor shops. The marvel is the God permits us, that he allows us so to squander his riches. But it is not all squandering. There is another side to the picture. God is always present by his spirit to direct and aid mankind in the use of the harvest. That is how good is done and progress is maintained.

Thanksgiving and Dedication.

Harvest, then, is a proper occasion for two things—thanksgiving and dedication. The thanksgiving is obvious. From him come all good gifts. But dedication should be as obvious. We must never lose sight of the fact that all we have is from God, and must be used in a fashion well pleasing to him. He does not give us the harvest that we may be gluttons, spendthrifts, selfish, luxurious, carried away by wasteful fashions and guilty of foolish and costly hobbies. Each is a steward of his possessions, be they great or small. Many people set aside a tithe or other fraction of their "harvest" for the purposes of God. And this is good. But more important and more Christian is the constant use of all our possessions as lent us by the Lord. Said John Woolman, "As he who first founded the earth was then the true proprietor of it, so he still remains; and, though he hath given it to the children of men, . . . yet he hath never alienated it, but his right is as good as at first; nor can any apply the increase of their possessions contrary to universal love, nor dispose of laws in a way which tends to exalt some by oppressing others, without being justly chargeable with usurpation."—Newton H. Marshall.

Appropriate Gift.

One of the mission boards reports: "A very much appreciated contribution of $12.66 for our work in Africa was received recently from the members of a colored prayer meeting held every Tuesday night in one of the classrooms in Union seminary at Richmond, Va. A request accompanied the contribution that it be sent to Mr. McKee and used to supply some permanent need at the new station of Mutoto, where he works. The contribution is in recognition of the work which Mr. McKee did in the colored Sunday school which he organized and conducted while he was a student at the seminary."

How The Children Are Trained In The Home.

Continued from page one.

an organ has been placed to furnish the music. Hymn books are distributed and all the children are taught and required to sing. Superintendent Walker comes to the dining room and conducts the service each morning. A verse is given from the Bible to be memorized and recited at the table just after the blessing. A new one is given each week. Mr. Walker drills the children every morning in reciting verses and chapters from the different books of the Bible, and by this arrangement they know many of the select passages of the Bible by memory.

School convenes at eight o'clock and all of the children except the fifth and sixth grades go to school between the hours of eight and twelve-thirty o'clock. The members of the fifth and sixth grades do the work in the different departments in the morning and attend school in the afternoon between the hours of one-thirty and five o'clock, and do not attend any more that day as the boys help at the barn and the girls in the kitchen and dining room. Dinner takes place at twelve-thirty and supper at six o'clock. All the grades from the fourth grade through the tenth, excepting the fifth and sixth, have study-hour after supper from six-thirty until eight o'clock in the school rooms.

Each night at about eight-thirty o'clock the the children meet in the several cottages and have a short prayer service conducted by their matron. Thus the splendid old Presbytrian custom of family worship is practiced regularly in the Home.

Prayer meeting is held on Tuesday night when our pastor, Rev. W. M. Walsh, comes out from Statesville and conducts the service in the church. Sunday school takes place at two o'clock and worship at three o'clock. Sickness is the only excuse that will be accepted for absence at any religious exercise, bad weather, visitors and the like won't do.

Thus it will be seen that the Presbyterians of North Carolina are doing a grand, noble work in establishing and maintaining this Home where the orphan children of the church can receive such training as will fit them for places of usefulness in the State.

We hope to take up the work of the Home by departments soon and tell how and by whom it is done, as we believe our readers want to know about the Home.

Probably the best way to aid the Home is to subscribe to Our Fatherless Ones. After you have done this you can read this paper and post yourself as to what is being done and what is needed to maintain and further the interests of the Institution. When you subscribe for the paper you are contributing to the Home and getting full value for your money. Try to persuade some of your friends and acquaintances to take the paper if you are already a regular subscriber.

The Old Southern Lady.

There is one type that the writer rejoices to have seen before he died. 'Tis the old Southern Lady. In her one sees the elegance and composure of a princess. Viewed surface-wise she is a rare Cameo, like fragile porcelain in her fineness. In her yet live sympathy and understanding; and she will not let romance die, nor faith, nor the idealization of love.

You would like to bend and kiss her hand, you know not why. You may seek her as the best companion of youth; the most tactful comforter; the tenderest philosopher.

Her liking is a blessing; her love, a mantle that would shield from all hurt.

She exacts little and would give so much; offering the clean unselfish strength of completed womanhood to bring the peace that looks out of her own eyes. She is the most wondrous yet the most natural and most graceful picture in the South you have seen her, this old lady? She is very human as she sits there and gazes out at the dying sun. And yet there is about her a hush a quietude that seems over and above the things of earth and nearestto heaven itself.

Isaac E. Avery in "Idle Comments"

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